

JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

A Chronicle of Society



MY DEAR SUSAN:

If you knew how near you came to being without a letter this week you would read this one twice. I went wandering up in Harford county, Md., and found so many attractions up there that I almost forgot to come home in time to "take my pen in hand, telling you I am well and hoping you are the same."

Some very good friends took me to this wonderful place in their machine, and we staid almost a week, so you see since my return I've had to do lots of gossiping, to draw the lost ends together and get some news for you. But, first of all, I must tell you about this lovely farm. It is about ninety miles from here, and is the home of some of the nicest folks in all the world. The house has wide porches all around it, and plenty of cool breezes and hammocks. Then two collies—Trusty and Woody (named for the President) are always about offering the best sort of companionship for a tramp, horseback ride, or motor trip. Then two of the cuddliest kittens (unnamed as yet, except by the host, who considered them nuisances, for they were bound to get underfoot every time he came about) were to be romped with any time.

Such a time as it was. I ate so much that I nearly gained half a pound.

One afternoon we rode down to a place on the Susquehanna river called Peach Bottom, Pa., and discovered a large camping party. There were ever so many girls in an old house, which they had fixed up and called it "Emerald Heights." Jessie Somers, of Delta, Pa., was down there, and she took me all about, and I wanted to put on a middy blouse and sandals and join them. The river is very beautiful there, and it is an ideal spot.

A large party of the clubiest looking boys were camping in tents in the orchard hard by, so, you see, it was a mighty fine camp.

Another interesting place I visited was at Slateville, Pa., where I saw a slate quarry. From there we went down to visit a dear little lady and her brother, who own a most wonderful poultry farm, and they had nearly two hundred Indian runners (snow white ducks) in one yard. They were quite the roughest things in all the world, but so pretty. Then there were leghorns and little wee guinea chicks and little yellow fuzzy duckies. I wished for my camera.

Katherine Newman and her mother are visiting Col. and Mrs. Robert M. Thompson at Southampton. Katherine, perhaps you remember, was one of the five nieces, who accompanied Colonel Thompson to Stockholm for the Olympic games, and then went with him on a wonderful trip through Russia, Germany, Holland, and France. Katherine is really Colonel Thompson's great-niece, and so are the cunning little Garrison girls, who were also members of the Olympic party. One of them, Dorothy, is married now to a navy man, whose name I can't quite remember. The other one, Eulalia, her cousin, is engaged to Ernest A. Begekow, jr., of New York.

Katherine Newman is the youngest of the trio, and, in my opinion, the handsomest. She is very tall, dark, with magnificent dark eyes, and a great deal of charm. More than one young man fell victim to her charms on the old Finland, and more than one young athlete outdid himself in the games for the queen of her smile.

A funny thing I remember; a youngster, hung upon Katherine's words all during the voyage and played with her every possible chance during the stay in Stockholm. Then, one day appeared a lovely little blonde, an American, in Sweden for the games, who rather knocked the wind out of the young man's sails. There was a dance one evening, a lovely party given by Bob Sands, of New York, who had a huge apartment in Stockholm. Katherine was there, looking pretty as a picture and also little Miss Dixon, our blonde friend, and between the two the poor boy gave an excellent imitation of Gibbon's "Which?"

I shudder to contemplate what might have happened if the Finland had not sailed next day. "I could be happy with either, were I other dear charmer away," expressed the young man's sentiments, but he had no chance to prove it, for Katherine left the ship immediately after, for her trip to Russia and the little blonde lady stayed behind in Stockholm. Katherine is the daughter of Judge O. H. Newman, of the Ohio supreme court and Mrs. Newman, and they make their home in Columbus. Last winter she was at school here, at Holton Arms. She will probably be a debutante of next season, either in Columbus or mayhap here, should her uncle and aunt decide to bring her out. At any

rate, she will doubtless spend some time here, and how she will set the men by the ears!

Miss Dixon, by the way, was none other than the very lovely Alice Dixon, whose marriage last winter to Carlo Pinto, of Paris, was one of the events of the season in Milwaukee. She is as pretty a blonde as I ever saw. Tell Berna, of Cornell fame, who was a member of the Olympic team, is living in Milwaukee these days and wrote me an interesting account of the wedding.

A little girl who has just returned to Washington from Mexico, where she has lived most of her life, was taken out to the Country Club by some friends recently, and when she was told the President was playing golf there and would be on the last hole soon, she was most anxious to see him.

She could not understand where his soldiers stood while he played and she could not understand how he played with his sword and uniform on. It was all explained to her that he was not like the President of Mexico.

Finally when the President appeared, one of her friends took her over to one of the Secret Service men and asked him to allow her to stand beside him and watch the President finish his game. He not only did this, but when the game was done, took her over and introduced her. She was so eager to go to the President where he stood that she tripped and would have fallen, but the President caught her in his arms. He chatted with her for some little time discussing Mexico. When he departed from the club he waved a good-by kiss, and she is one of the happiest and proudest little women in Washington.

Lucy Mackall sent me a postal the other day from England. She is having a most interesting trip with Lucia Hollerith, Hannah Matthews and Hannah's aunt, Miss Emily Matthews. They are spending most of their time in England and Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Mackall, with the younger members of the family and the John Davidsens are at their lovely place at Langley, Va.

The polo field at the Speedway is being turned over to a flock of sheep for mowing purposes, a not unusual way, of course, but I have never seen it done here before. Also there are many yarns going about as to their origin. Some say they belong to a butcher who does a big business here and finds it an economical way of fattening his flock. A much prettier story has it that the smart polo-playing men of the town complained that the grass was not kept close enough and George Oakley Totten promised to fix things. He imported the sheep and, they tell me, brought over a half dozen or so picturesque shepherds in native costume from wherever in Europe is the habitat of shepherds. They, it seems, spoke no English and found sheep tending on the mall very uninteresting. In fact they moped so they had to be shipped home post haste and the beasties turned over to the charge of a perfectly competent, but perfectly uninteresting boy in overalls.

Dear me, Susan, but there have been some smart dinner parties recently at the Chevy Chase Club. What would Washington do without the club anyway? With so many diplomats and officials here this summer (and they live at the club in the evenings and on Sundays) it makes Washington a splendid place to be, even if it is mid-summer.

Paymaster John S. Higgins of the navy gave a large dinner Wednesday evening preceding the mid-week dancing for the Spanish Ambassador, Senor Riano, and there were any number of other smart dinners. And telling you of all this reminds me of the fact that Mrs. Morris Evans is at the club much these days. Come to think of it she was among those at both the Higgins dinner for the ambassador and another one given by Count some one, I've forgotten. Anyway, Mrs. Morris Evans and I chatted a moment as we met and she told me that Meta is making visits in New England and having the time of her young life. Meta is so attractive and so well versed in the gentle art of being pretty and knowing how to enjoy life. In August Mrs. Morris Evans will join her for the remainder of the summer.

And in speaking of Meta Morris Evans makes me think of Ruth Hitchcock. Somehow I associate those girls and they make me think of Margaret Howard. They all ride horseback together so much and are all so expert as equestriennes. Well, Ruth is at Southampton, L. I., with her mother and has been for some time, but before long they are sailing for Spain. Won't that be wonderful? Margaret Howard is with her folks at Northeast Harbor, Me.



MISS ELENA CALDERON.

Yes, Elena Calderon is in town now, but for how long I do not know and neither does she. The Minister and Mme. Calderon and Elena spent a few days in New York early in the week. They went up to see Elena's sister, Mrs. J. E. Valles sail for home. Her husband joins here at Panama and they return to South America together. Don't you remember what an admirer you were of Mrs. Valles last winter when you met her at an afternoon dance? The Valles spent the winter in Baltimore, but they were really in Washington the greater part of the time.

Mrs. Lillian Chenoweth, the contralto singer in the quartet of the Church of Our Father, leaves Monday for a short visit to Mrs. Norman Carpenter in Detroit. Mrs. Carpenter, like Miss Chenoweth, is a musician of some note.

Oh Susan, what do you think? I received the most charming letter, forwarded to me up in Maryland last week, from Cynthia St. Charles of New Orleans. She had heard in some way that I had been writing you a letter each week, telling of the doings of our friends and neighbors in Washington and she wanted to tell me that she did the same away down South.

Every week she writes the most interesting letter to a Miss Peggy somebody and Peggy thinks so well of the letter that she allows the New Orleans Item to publish it in their Sunday paper. Then everyone enjoys it. Isn't that a fine idea? From the tone of the letter she wrote me, I know she is young, and pretty, and all those things, and, someday I hope to ring her door bell and say I'm Jean Eliot and have come to talk over the letter writing business with Miss St. Charles.

The rather remarkable thing about it all is that almost every week I have looked through the papers in the library and dug out an item so I could read Miss St. Charles' letter and sometimes I've even gone so far as to tell you things that I read in that letter. And then another thing that makes me swell up with pride is the fact that Miss Cynthia told Peggy about how my letters had trailed all over Europe with news for you. Think of having my name in the paper like that!

The I. T. Manns are at White Sulphur for a visit and in the thick of the gay doings. Mrs. Mann's sister, with her husband and children, is visiting Mr. Mann's family at

Fort Spring, near White Sulphur. They have their car with them and together the two families are making some interesting trips. This week-end they are motoring to Hot Springs. In the late fall, Mrs. Mann and Bessie Hickey are going abroad for a flying trip, with Paris for their pied-a-terre and clothes for their object.

Nearly all the smart folk at White Sulphur—and they are legion—have reserved tables for the supper, dansant in the Grill, which will follow the dance this evening. These supper dances are now established institutions and a bona fide cabaret divides attention with the numerous dancers, who take advantage of the cleared space in the center. Be it said, too, that the amateurs suffer none by comparison with the "regulars." Among the cleverest of the dancers, who do the maxixe and the new Lulu Fado in a particularly charming manner are Mrs. J. Kellogg Bradley, the pretty daughters of Senator O'Gorman, Doris Haywood, all of Washington, and Alice Preston, from Baltimore. Mrs. Bradley and Doris Haywood were in the annual "Riley" dance that is revived there every summer. Doris is going to Gracelands shortly to stay with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lee, who have been entertaining a series of house parties at their place at Elkins, W. Va.

Medical Director and Mrs. J. D. Gatewood announce engagement of their daughter, Harriet Whiting, to Dr. Henry E. Jenkins, U. S. N. The wedding, which will be quiet, will take place early in October.

Isn't that an interesting announcement, Susan, my dear? Little rumors that something of the kind might take place used to come my way some little time ago, but of late I've heard nothing and the news came as a distinct and very pleasant surprise. Hallie Gatewood, as she is generally called, is a dear, as sweet and pretty as possible and possessing in large measure that most attractive characteristic of always saying the right thing in the right place. In fact, that seems to be an attribute of the entire Gatewood family. I never knew girls who could after a few moments' conversation make you feel as pleasantly satisfied with yourself and the world in general—and without any suspicion of "gush."

Dr. Jenkins, I don't know, but I hear all sorts of nice things about him. He is big

entendu, a doctor in the navy, was stationed for a while at the Naval Hospital here, and that, I believe is when the courtship began. Hallie left yesterday to spend the rest of the summer with friends at Monterey, Pa. I wondered for a long time why it was she did not go camping with her sisters and their gay party, but now I rather think I guess the reason, don't you?

Dr. Jenkins is now stationed at Fort Royal, S. C., and it is there that they will probably make their home.

In looking over a magazine the other day containing a picture of a wedding party, I was much amused at the various remarks made by one or two who were on the porch at the time. As usual, the picture made the party, which, doubtless, was made up of good looking folks, look like Sam Hill. The bride looked wild eyed, the bridegroom sad, and the maids like they had wrapped their heads up for the daily dusting. Billy said he knew that the bride had resolved, when she made up that party, that no good lookers were to get in on it, and Uncle Jud thought the hats looked like fried eggs and Ruth insisted that the girls probably had beautiful hearts and fine dispositions.

One day late this week I was rushing down F street and I ran across Lillian Menaugh looking too attractive for words. Lillian was trying to get to the hairdressers at 2 o'clock and it was 5 then. Of course, we stopped just to say a word and when I got to the next corner where I was to meet Lena it was half after. Lillian tells me that she is leaving town Wednesday for a series of visits up North and then she is going to New York to study. I am quite sure she will eventually go on the stage, where I know she would be a real success.

I was chatting with Mrs. Robert L. Owen over the phone yesterday and she told me that the Senator is back from his visit in England and is feeling wonderfully well. She is leaving town the middle of the coming week for Magnolia, where Dorothea will join her soon. Dorothea is now visiting at Lake Placid. Did I tell you that she has almost made up her mind to make her debut this coming season? From the present outlook, Washington will have a very interesting group for most of the girls I know of, who are coming out, are either just graduated from college or back from travels abroad. Dorothea was graduated from the Finch School in New York this spring.

I was busy consuming a soda at my favorite place, which you so well know, the other day, when I met Mrs. Collins, Mrs. Percy Page's mother. She told me that Nell and Mrs. Wallace Whitaker were visiting down near the mouth of the river somewhere for several weeks.

That also reminds me to tell you that the George Langdon Whitford's have been taking some delightful trips this summer in their lovely new car.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall decided upon a White touring car after all. The car came Wednesday, I believe, and it is a dandy, with seven seats and all sorts of accomplishments." All summer they have been trying out various makes and at the last their choice lay between a Peerless and a White and the White won. Staying in Washington all summer isn't so bad when one can be out of doors in a car like that.

Wednesday, night they went down to White Sulphur to stay until Monday with a Mr. Keim, of Philadelphia. They went in the private car of the host and I know they will have a wonderful visit. Senator and Mrs. Swanson were also of the party which included a number of others.

These stories about Mr. President make me think of one Steve told me ages ago, and which possibly you have not heard.

Seems as if the President was returning to the White House from the Country Club and a little boy playing in the street jumped out in front of the car, and made a face at the President. The President turned to the Secret Service man sitting beside him, and asked him if he saw what that boy did. The man said he was looking at him.

The President said that the child had made a face at him and an ugly one it was, too. His companion asked him what he was going to do about it, and the President said: "Do about it? Why I did it. I made a face back at him."

Mrs. Franklin T. Schneider and Florence have just returned to Washington from a series of visits in Ohio and Michigan. They went first to Cleveland and Toledo and then to the University of Michigan, from which Thomas G. Forney, Florence's fiancé, was graduated. Then he joined them and they

visited his parents in Ohio and came on to Washington and he is their guest here. The wedding will not take place in the fall, but some time before very long I think, although the date is not set.

While I was shopping one day this week I met Nellie Claire Howard and her charming little mother in one of the stores and we stopped for a few words. Nellie is going up to New York Friday for a visit. She looked so dainty and sweet in a delicate pink ratine suit and a little white sailor hat. But then, she always looks pretty.

I do not know why it is but all the news I have this week seems to be about the President. Of course, I know there is no one I'd rather write about and you'd rather hear about, but—

Well, Billy told me the other afternoon that the president of the Washington Country Club had ordered a special shower bath built for the President. One side of the men's locker room has been torn out, and it is put in there with the President's locker.

Seems that the President was in the habit of rushing back to Washington after a game, and the members decided that he was liable to take cold, so the private shower.

"Jumbo" Watkins has been ordered away unexpectedly and rather suddenly, with Chicago for his ultimate destination, but a detail that will keep him for the present in Fort Wayne, Ind. You know he was assistant to Colonel Harding, and had charge of various and sundry roads and dams around these parts. He and "Monte" Fox are great chums, and doubtless Jumbo will come on for Monte's marriage to Helen Heyl in October.

Helen, by the way, is spending a quiet summer at Deer Park, Md.—busily engaged in wedding preparations. Her plans have not been announced yet, but I believe Julia is to be her only attendant.

I saw Ruth Bliss just after she returned from a visit to the Heys, and she gave an account of a very pleasant if rather quiet time, much tennis, long walks through the woods, swimming for those who liked it, and books, books, books. It seems they gathered in a supply from a nearby small town and "took a course" in the Duchess and Ouida.

Did I tell you that Mrs. Bryon S. Adams and Marie are down at Spring Lake at the New Monmouth? They will be there all summer and are having a great old time, too.

Who do you think is in Washington for a visit of several weeks? No one else but the Rev. and Mrs. Donald C. MacLeod, the former pastor of the old First Presbyterian Church. Dr. MacLeod is now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Springfield, Ill. They are visiting Mrs. MacLeod's brother-in-law and sister, Judge and Mrs. Anderson in Oliver street, Chevy Chase. Did I tell you that Eloise Anderson was graduated from the Bristol School this spring? She is so pretty and looks enough like her aunt, Mrs. MacLeod to be her younger sister.

If you were playing golf and lost your ball and the President of the United States came along and gave you another, what would you do? You old souvenir fiend, I'll bet you would put it under a glass case on the parlor mantle or in a bottle of alcohol.

At the Washington Country Club a good story is going the rounds about a charming young matron whose wedding was an event of the early spring, and a pretty maid whose engagement has just been announced. Seems as if the girls were playing golf one afternoon recently when one of them lost her ball. She was having a terrible time hunting it, and pretty soon two offered Mary a ball. Pretty soon Nellie lost her ball, and the same two men came to the rescue and the taller man gave her a ball.

She recognized her gallant as none other than President Wilson. Mary's benefactor was Dr. Cary T. Grayson, U. S. N., the President's aide and golf chum.

With pretty thanks she took her ball, and before very long lost it in a valley. She was hunting all about, and the President saw her plight and putting his hands up to his mouth he called down to her to go twenty feet to the right, and then look beside a certain tree. He could see it from where he stood.

Be careful and do not let the Serbs get you while you are over there, and write and tell me just how the war situation really is affecting the tourists.

Best love, always,

Jean Eliot.
Sunday afternoon